

# *The Alluvine*

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THE BEACH OF ROCKAWAY.—PERKINS.



## THE ALDINE.

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## "THE BOOK OF THE EAST."

FROM the advance sheets of the above new book, to be published by the well-known firm of J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, just to hand, we are enabled to give some beautiful selections from the pen of Mr. R. H. Stoddard.

In the first, a Persian song, descriptive of winter, it will be seen that there is as keen a sense of the fanciful and the picturesque in the oriental as well as the occidental mind:

## WINTER IN PERSIA.

It is a morn in Winter,  
The air is white with snow;  
And on the climar branches  
Jasmins seem to grow.

The furrowed fields and hill-tops  
With icy treasures shine,  
Like scales of silver fishes,  
Or jewels in a mine.

The bitter wind has banished  
The silent nightingale,  
And the rose, like some coy maiden,  
Is muffled in a veil.

Its silver song of Summer  
No more the fountain sings,  
And frozen are the rivers  
That fed the baths of kings!

No flower-girls in the market,  
For flowers are out of date;  
And the keepers of the roses  
Have shut the garden gate.

No happy guests are drinking  
Their goblets crowned with vine;  
For gone are all the merchants  
That sold the merry wine!

And gone the dancing maidens  
Before the winds and snows:  
Their Summer souls have followed  
The nightingale and rose!

One of the best of the Tartar songs is in praise of Girgalla, who, it is to be hoped, returned the devotion of her ardent swain:

## GIRGALLA.

He rode from the Khora Tukhan  
On his nimble bay steed,  
For the eyes of his mistress, Girgalla,  
Forsaking his creed!

He gave his broad belt to his comrade,  
"Why scoff you?" he said,  
The sheep are all killed for the wedding,  
The dishes are spread.

I have sat in the rains and the thunders,  
Alone, since she went.  
I would I could sit down beside her,  
Beneath the white tent!

When I lift to my lips the red teacup,  
Slow sipping the tea,  
I think of the lips of Girgalla,  
And sigh, "Woe is me!"

I peeped through the snowy tent curtains,  
Girgalla was there:  
She stood, like a peacock, before me—  
No peacock so fair.

Your head on the lap of Girgalla,  
Stretched out at your ease,  
No cushion, you say, of swan's feathers  
So soft as her knees!

It will surprise most readers, we fancy, to find such simple and natural writing as this among the Chinese. It has the true idyllic spirit:

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.  
(Soo Hway.)

That time my husband went to banishment,  
I followed to the foot of yonder bridge:  
I bore my grief, but could not say, "Farewell!"

Ah! why have you not written me, my love?  
Our couch, remember, even in Spring is cold.  
The staircase that you built has crumbled down,  
And dust has soiled the windows, and white curtains.

My mind is sore perplexed; I would I were  
The shadow of the moon upon the sea—  
The cloud that floats above the lofty hills.

The careless clouds behold my husband's face,  
And she, the sea-moon, in her monthly round;—  
They know the man a thousand leagues away.

The tall green rushes by the river's side  
Have faded, since we parted; but the plum—  
Who would have thought before we met again  
The plum-tree would have blossomed, o'er and o'er?

The flowers unfold themselves to meet the Spring:  
Our hearts unfold in vain, no Spring is ours.  
My thoughts are busied so with your return  
The willow at the door droops to the ground,  
And no one sweeps away its fallen leaves.

The grass before the house grows rank, and thick;  
My husband's flute hangs idle in the hall;  
He sings no more the songs of Keang-nan.

Because no letter comes to me, my lord,  
My silver dress, that on my pillow lies,  
Is dyed with tears, and tears have spoiled the flowers  
Brodered in gold upon my satin robe.

Thrice have I heard in Spring the wild fowl's cry.  
Crossing the swollen stream. I sing old songs;  
My heart-strings seem to break upon the lute;  
I faint with love, and grief; grief ends my song.

Forget not, O my lord, your own true wife,  
Your wife, whose love is firmer than the hills,  
Whose thoughts are filled with you. She weaves this song  
To win the gracious ear of majesty.  
O Son of Heaven! let him return, and soon!

There is a dash of heroism in the womanly devotion of this little Chinese girl, which is well worth remembering:

THE ROMANCE OF MOULAN.  
(From the "Kang Chi.")

Moulan is weaving at her cottage door.  
You cannot hear the weaving shuttles fly,  
You only hear the young girl sigh and moan.

"What are you thinking of? why do you moan?"  
The young girl thinks of nothing, yet she moans.

"I saw the army record yesterday;  
The emperor is levying troops again;  
The book has twelve long chapters, and in each  
I saw enrolled my honored father's name.  
"What can be done to save the poor old man?  
Thou hast no grandson, father; no, not one.  
Thou hast no elder brother, O Moulan!  
What shall I do? I will arise, and go,  
And buy a horse and saddle. I will go,  
And serve, and fight, in my dear father's stead."

She buys a swift horse at the eastern market—  
A saddle and a horse-cloth at the western,  
And at the southern a long horseman's whip.  
When morning comes, she smiles, and says, "Farewell,  
Father and mother." She will pass the night  
Beside the Yellow River. She hears no more  
Father, or mother, calling for their child;  
The hollow murmur of the Yellow River  
Is all she hears. Another morning comes;  
She starts again, and bids the stream farewell.  
She journeys on, and when the evening comes  
She reaches the Black River. She hears no more  
Father, or mother, sighing for their child;  
She hears the savage horsemen of Yen Shen.

## II.

"Where have you been, Moulan, these twelve long years?"  
"We marched and fought our way ten thousand miles.  
Swift as a bird I cleared the gulfs and hills.  
The north-wind brought the night bell to my ear;  
The moonlight fell upon my iron mail.

"Twelve years are past. We meet the emperor  
When we return; he sits upon his throne.  
He gives this man a badge of honor, that  
An hundred or a thousand silver ounces.  
'And what shall he give me?' And I reply:  
'Not wealth, nor office; only lend Moulan—  
She asks no more—a camel, fleet of foot,  
To lead her to her honored father's roof.'"

Soon as the father and the mother learn  
Moulan's return, they haste to meet their child;  
Soon as the younger sisters see them go,  
They leave the chamber in their best attire;  
Soon as the brave young brother hears the news,  
He straightway whets a knife to kill a sheep.

"My mother takes my warrior's armor off,  
And clothes me in my woman's garb again:  
My younger sisters, standing by the door,  
Are twining golden flowers in their hair."

Then Moulan left the room, and went to meet  
Her fellow-soldiers, who were much amazed;  
For twelve long years she marched and fought with them,  
And yet they guessed not Moulan was a girl.

## FEMININE FLORA.

J. H. BROWNE.

## THE CAMELLIA WOMAN.

THE analogy running through all nature is, when well considered, very noticeable between women and flowers. The two are so mutually symbolical that the qualities of one can be understood by the properties of the other. Fitly enough, too—since, to put it gallantly, women represent the poetry of animated, and flowers the poetry of external nature. Women and flowers are essentially the same; but there are so many varieties, with such striking differences, that they hardly seem to belong to the same species. Women are so typified by the floral kingdom that a philosophic botanist can, with little trouble, classify them, and assign them to the different families to which they properly belong.

We all know the camellia woman, the rose woman, the violet woman, the tulip woman—they are familiar to us as the flowers themselves—and each and all, though icosandria, didynamia, diadelphia, or gynandria, are likely to have some peculiarity of pistil or stamen, pollen or petal which defies the metaphysical Linnæus or social Jussieu.

The camellia woman is quite common in large cities; though she does not regard herself as common anywhere. Indeed, she fancies she is very exclusive, doubting if anything so rich and rare as herself has ever been seen before under the sun. Knowing she is of the true Japonica species, she prides herself upon having been originally an exotic, forgetting that she flourishes better, and is of less value, in countries deemed uncivilized than in those where artificiality constitutes her chief merit. Outside of fashion she has little existence. Nature is something external to her; for she is the product of the conservatory—gets her hue and richness under glass, having no relish for the untempered light or sun. Protected from the frost, she imagines herself superior to it, and has little pity and less sympathy for those who are nipped or killed by it all about her. She is aware that she is gorgeous, since her mirror, as well as her flatterers, tells her so; and she dwells upon herself all day long with a satisfaction and complacency almost superhuman.

The camellia creature is admired on every hand; but she is very rarely loved save by herself, and in such worship feels slender need, even if she understands the nature of love. Superb and costly, she is not for every-day wear. She is for ornament not utility, and holds religiously that she must be liberally compensated in some way for the occasions which she graces. As she has never breathed for any time the pure fresh air of heaven; never experienced the change of seasons; never bent beneath the blast; never been shaken by the tempest, she has no conception of the elemental forces, no idea of genuine truth. The atmosphere of the hot-house has always been around her. The temperature does not vary in Winter or in Summer, and, therefore, she imagines all climates equable and uniform.

Stern critics, who have the honor of her acquaintance, intimate she has no heart; which she considers a delicate compliment, inasmuch as other persons, whom she would not notice, are possessed of hearts. She does not say this—for the fact is a source of secret rejoicing; but, when accused, she lays her white and jeweled hand upon her left side, and is surprised to feel a pulsation there. She is somewhat ashamed at this discovery, and wonders why she is not a physiological exception. It cannot be otherwise than mortifying to reflect that, after years of rigid seclusion from the vulgar world, her blood flows, her pulses beat, and her arteries swell as they do in common mortals.

The lady of the camellias does not remember, or finds it convenient to forget, that the flower she resembles is entirely without fragrance—the charm of every bud and blossom that helps to make the rhythm and cadence of the poetry of the earth. The humblest violet under the hedge, or the eglantine blooming in solitude, is fairer than the camellia, because their sweetness is the perpetual miracle of nature.

The camellia woman is as cold as scentless. She never permits the misery or suffering of others to disturb the calmness of her well-regulated life. She hears that the world is full of trouble, and that life to the many is often hard to bear; but such is the decree of Providence, and her high-bred piety will



not allow her to array herself against the Divine Will, by seeking to alleviate what It sanctions. She keeps as many of the written Commandments as convenient for the love of God, and violates the unwritten ones for the love of herself. She is a regular attendant at church when the weather is fair, and her newest gown is calculated to excite the envy of her neighbors. She believes in the sacredness of the Sabbath; for, on that day, no rude and clumsy vehicles interfere with the smooth rolling and steady progress of her elegant equipage, and the comparative desertion of the streets reveals her shining glories all the more fully to the better class who chance to be abroad.

In the imposing edifice she kneels in an attitude she has practiced for months, and thinks that, if God sees her, He must approve of the magnificence of her pose. She prays out of the ritual—having no language in which to ask for the forgiveness of sins she could never have committed. She communes with herself, and finds her life so superbly faultless that she questions whether the restraints of religion were designed for the best circles, of which she is the center and saint. She is confident that the Lord loves her, for he could hardly do otherwise, since she has no special fault to find with the Lord, and regards Him, on the whole, as conducive to the loftiest interests of the most exclusive society. She is indifferent to the sermon; for, knowing the exact salary of the clergyman, she considers it his duty to write as well as he can, and to avoid giving offense to a generous and drowsy congregation. Fearful she may become fanatical in her pious zeal, she directs her thoughts, during much of the service, to the contents of her wardrobe and the arrangements for her next reception. She is not altogether satisfied with the fit of her glove; and, conscious that Alexandre made it, she thinks that Courvoisier's chances for salvation are infinitely better.

Very charitable is the daughter of Japonica, when charity is properly regulated by the action of her set, and the certainty of public announcement. To give privately is to encourage pauperism and to restrict the privilege of fashion. Only those are deserving who can appreciate the magnanimity of the rich in condescending to think of the poor. And blest with such grace, they need little which wealth can give, and they get it.

The camellia woman has many friends—as she understands friendship. They dress well; have good manners; do not utter unpleasant truths, and declare her charming. Her life is a soft round of elegant monotony, and each day is pleasant and insipid as every other day. Hatred finds no place in her heart; for where love has never been, hatred cannot dwell. Her wide circle of acquaintances sound her praises far and near, and she accepts her adulation as her deserving and her right. In the path she has chosen she is firmly supported, as she walks with fashion on one side and selfishness on the other. She may have peccadillos of her own, and, if she is too lenient to them, she makes amends by her merciless judgment of others. She believes it sweet to sin sometimes for the sake of repenting, and sweet to repent for the sake of sinning. She feels bound to be guilty of a few transgressions to prove she is mortal, and to support the doctrines of the Scriptures.

She, of the camellias, seems all that the flowers are, but she is really much less. She is handsome and cold and odorless as they; but they are as Nature made them, and she is as Nature made her not. She may impose all her life upon the shallow and the superficial among whom she is thrown; but to those whose judgment is clear, and whose opinion is worth having, she is a mere reflex of conventional hypocrisy and heartless egotism. She never lifts the smallest of burthens from her fellows; never feels another's woe; never sympathizes with aught that is lofty, generous or self-sacrificing; never makes the world better or nobler for her being. Form and fashion claim and hold her; and, until her latest breath, she dwells under the glass and in the artificial warmth wherein she was reared. The camellia, that typifies her, might teach her a valuable lesson; for it at least does its best to be beautiful. She is fair, and graceful, and rich; but she is perfumeless as the withered leaf, disappointing as the grave, and loveless as despair. Touch her, and she will chill; pluck her, and she will repel; wear her, and she will destroy.

BENEFITS please, like flowers, while they are fresh.

## THE BEACH OF ROCKAWAY.

ON old Long Island's sea girt shore,  
Many an hour I've whiled away,  
List'ning to the breakers roar,  
That wash the beach of Rockaway.  
Transfix'd I've stood while Nature's lyre,  
In one harmonious concert broke,  
And catching its Promethean fire,  
My inmost soul to rapture woke.

Oh, how delightful 'tis to stroll  
Where murmur'ing winds and waters meet,  
Marking the billows as they roll  
And break resistless at your feet;  
To watch young Iris, as she dips  
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,  
And chas'd by Sol, away she trips!  
O'er the horizon's quiv'ring blue.

To hear the startling night-winds sigh,  
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep;  
While the pale moon reflects from high,  
Her image in the mighty deep;  
Majestic scene where nature dwells,  
Profound in everlasting love,  
While her unmeasured music swells,  
The vaulted firmament above.

## THE WEASEL.

THE weasel is the imp of the forest, the cruel and sly enemy of the birds, and the perpetual disturber of domestic felicity of the more peaceful and weaker animals. Watch it as it glides out of its home among the rocks (see illustration on page 158), twisting its long, slender body through crevices and under low bushes, with all the skill and cunning of the fox combined with the low gliding motion of the serpent. How eagerly does it watch for prey, this little tiny creature, in whose small brains are gathered such a large stock of murderous intentions, backed by the courage of a giant. With eyes shining and steady, tiny ears erect and on the alert for the slightest rustle among the leaves, and the little tail, scarcely two inches long, quivering with droll expectancy, it crouches in some leafy covert and awaits its moment. Now a bird alights on a bush near at hand, picking berries for its morning meal. Quick as an arrow the weasel is upon it. But this time it is a miss, the bird soars away, leaving only a feather or two in the grasp of its enemy. Excited by this ignominious failure, the weasel glides about here and there among the bushes with all the lightness of the morning wind. Now it pushes its little nose into a mouse-hole; now it listens attentively at the entrance to a mole-hill, next the ants' nests attract its attention. What a powerful illustration is this little creature of the wondrous instincts of the animal creation, the unconscious combination of will and action which enables these small inhabitants of the wild woods, so perfectly to fulfil all the functions of their nature. Their thoughts are deeds—at once, too—and when the weasel crouches and waits by the mole-hill, it becomes, for the instant, simply a mole-trap—every power of its little brain and body being concentrated on that one object alone.

Suddenly a slight rustling is heard among the leaves and the ears and eyes of two little rabbits peer out cautiously from a thicket. The weasel has vanished from sight; and, enticed by the apparent security, the small pair scamper through the grass toward a bunch of clover. Contentedly nipping the leaves fresh with dew, they little suspect the danger which is drawing near. The weasel, who has quietly concealed itself under a bush, now stretches up its long, slender neck, and gazes intently on the tempting sight. Stealthily it twists its lithe little body through the underbrush towards the victims. The rabbits quietly munch their breakfast, their long ears falling gracefully and carelessly, a sure sign that they feel confident of their security. But, suddenly, one of the rabbits pricks up its ears and sniffs the air. Something has aroused suspicion. There is danger near; and, quick as a flash, it turns and vanishes among the leaves. But, before its scared companion can follow, the weasel has made the fatal spring, and landed like a little red ball on the neck of its prey. The poor rabbit may scamper away as fast as it can, but the weasel clings tenaciously and soon sucks away its life-blood, through the small incision which its sharp teeth make in the veins of the neck.

The weasel is a great lover of fresh, warm blood, and will often attack animals much larger than itself, fastening about the throat and sucking the blood until the animal becomes exhausted.

It is no burrower, and prefers to make its home among the crevices of some ledge, or in cavities under the spreading roots of trees. Here it houses its little family of young ones, bringing home birds and small prey for their food. As the mother returns from her morning forage, dragging, perhaps, some unfortunate sparrow, she calls her young ones, with a low grunting sound, and from the holes in the rocks at once peep up a half-dozen little heads, miniature copies of the old one, and the sparrow is eagerly seized and torn in pieces by the murderous little tribe.

The weasel's sharp scent enables it to be a keen hunter, and a most formidable enemy of rats and mice. On this account, it is a useful inhabitant of barns and corn-houses; for, although it may sometimes seize a chicken, or suck an egg, it always balances accounts by clearing the premises of troublesome occupants.

## A CORINTHIAN CUSTOM.

W. F. ALLEN.

WHEN Christianity was first introduced into Corinthia, it was gladly received by the peasants, but the nobles despised it as a low and ignoble superstition. The duke, therefore—Ingewo, who held his office at the hands of Charlemagne, and was himself a devout Christian—bethought him to give the haughty nobles a lesson. He made a great banquet, and invited to it poor and rich, high and low alike. But the Christians alone sat at the table of their prince, and were well and sumptuously feasted; while the heathen were left in the open air, and fed with tainted meat and drank sour wine. So it came to pass that it was the nobles that had to put up with this sorry fare, while the despised peasants were well served in the duke's presence. They must have been of a more docile make than most of their class, however, for this contemptuous treatment, aided by the eloquence and arguments of the Archbishop of Salzburg, converted them into zealous followers of Christ. This was the treatment, they were told which awaited them on the Day of Judgment; while believers, however lowly, would sit with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, at the marriage-feast of the Lamb. In recognition, therefore, of the great good which the example of the peasants had wrought, in thus bringing their nobles to reason, the following custom was established. The custom was a real one, whatever we may think of its alleged origin:

Whenever a duke was to be installed in Corinthia, he went on foot, in peasant's clothes, with a shepherd's staff in hand, attended by a black ox upon his left, and a lean horse upon his right, to a stone called the "Prince's Stone," about a mile from Klagenfurt. Here sat a peasant—it was the hereditary right of a particular family to take part in the drama—and, as the new prince drew near, followed by a crowd of the people, he asked: "Who is it that comes here with such a lordly step?" Then the people answered: "The prince of the land comes." "Is he also," he asked, "a righteous judge, a furtherer of the welfare of our land, and of our free possessions? Is he also a protector of the Christian faith, and of widows and orphans?" "Yes," was the answer, "he is, and shall be." Then the new prince promised the peasants that he would not be ashamed to plough with such cattle. And the peasant asked again: "How shall I be brought from this place?" The Count of Görtz, hereditary Count Palatine, answered for the prince: "We will buy you off with sixty pence: the ox and the horse shall be yours, you shall have the garments of the prince, and your house shall be free and never taxed." At this, the peasant rose and gave the prince a mighty blow on the ear with the left hand; the prince took his seat upon the stone, swore to observe the liberties of his subjects, and began to administer his office.

As long as the prince sat upon the stone, the Gradneckers had a right to mow grass wherever they liked, and the Portendorffers to burn and destroy at will; and when the family of the Portendorffers became extinct, this desirable privilege passed to the Mordaxen. This singular right reminds one of a custom in another Slavonic country: When the dukes of Bohemia began to be summoned to appear at the diets of the empire, in the 11th century, they obtained, as a privilege to counterbalance this burdensome duty, the right to signalize their approach by burning a few villages. This, they



thought, would not make the emperor less strenuous to require their attendance.

This curious ceremony, in the installation of the Corinthian dukes, continued to be practised until the time of Duke Ernest in 1414.

#### THE RUINS OF WEISSENAU.

THESE picturesque remains of ancient splendor are situated on the Lake of Thun, near the point where the River Aar, the receptacle of the waters from many melting glaciers, empties itself into the lake.

A more entrancing prospect, for the lovers of nature, than that afforded by the ruin and its surroundings, could not well be imagined; the gray, crumbling old walls, overrun with vines; the pure,

gone as usual to the church at Untersee, the servants left behind, to guard the castle, were surprised to see a mounted band of a dozen armed men before the gate, demanding entrance in the name of Weissenau. Their story was, that the baron had been attacked in the forest, and was in full flight towards the castle, they having rode ahead to open the gates for his entrance. The affrighted servants threw down the drawbridge, and the party rushed in, closely followed, however, by a hundred of their companions, who were secreted near by under cover of the forest. To kill the servants, and plunder and set fire to the castle, was short work; and soon nothing remained but blackened and smoking ruins.

Word was carried to the baron, as he knelt in church. He mounted his horse and rode madly into the forest, and was never seen again. The simple

by a series of stepping-stones, each of which will present itself more readily in future, and with less chance of interruption by the suggestions of conscience than before. But should these suggestions be admitted, and prevail, then, on the principle of association, will they be all the more apt to intervene, on the repetition of the same circumstances, and again break that line of continuity, which, but for this intervention, would have led, from a temptation, to a turpitude or a crime. If, on the occurrence of a temptation, formerly conscience did interpose, and represent the evil of a compliance, and so impress the man with a sense of obligation, as led him to dismiss the fascinating object from the presence of his mind, or to hurry away from it; the likelihood is, that the recurrence of a similar temptation will suggest the same train of thoughts and feelings, and



AFTER THE MASQUERADE.—RAMSTHAL.

sparkling water of the lake; the clustering roofs of the little village of Untersee; the spires of Interlaken in the distance; and, rising grandly above all, the magnificent background of the mountains.

Like that of so many old European ruins, the story of Weissenau is not written on the pages of history, but about its fallen battlements hangs the witchery of popular legend.

It is said that, centuries ago, there lived a stern and hard-hearted man—the last Baron of Weissenau. With a heavy hand he levied taxes on all the surrounding country, and made his name a terror in the land. On Sundays, when the church bells of Untersee rang the call to prayer, he left his stronghold, and rode to the service accompanied by a proud retinue of knights and fair ladies, but neither the prayers of the priests nor the suffering condition of the people served to move the heart of this sinner against God and man.

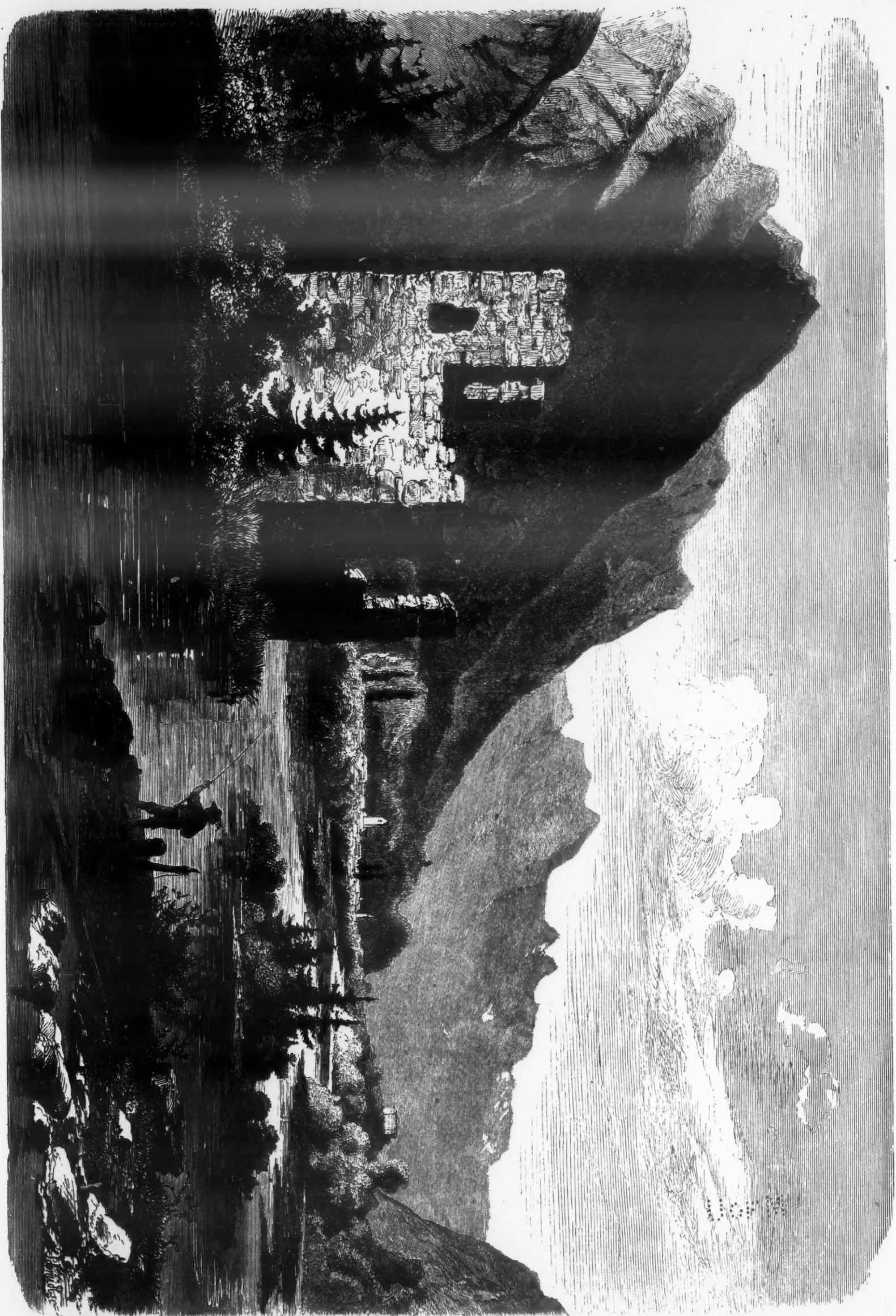
It was impossible, even in those days, that such a state of things could continue for any length of time. On one Sunday morning, when the baron had

country folks believe that in the depth of night, when storms are abroad, he still rushes to and fro on the shore of the lake, bewailing his sudden fall; while in the white mists, which rise and creep about the ruined towers, are seen the unhappy spirits of the servants, doomed to guard perpetually what they once delivered up into the hands of the enemy.

POWER OF HABIT.—That balancing moment, at which pleasure would allure, and conscience is urging us to refrain, may be regarded as the point of departure, or divergency, whence one or other of the two processes (towards evil, or towards good) take their commencement. Each of them consists in a particular succession of ideas, with their attendant feelings; and whichever of them may happen to be described once, has, by the law of suggestion, the greater chance, in the same circumstances, of being described over again. Should the mind dwell on an object of allurements, and the considerations of principle not be entertained, it will pass onward from the first incitement to the final and guilty indulgence,

lead to the same beneficial result; and this is a likelihood ever increasing with every repetition of the process. The thoughts which awaken emotions and purposes on the side of duty, find readier entrance into the mind; and the thoughts which awaken and urge forward the desire of what is evil, more readily give way. The positive force on the side of virtue is augmented, by every repetition of the train which leads to a virtuous determination. The resistance to this force, on the side of vice, is weakened in proportion to the frequency wherewith that train of suggestions, which would have led to a vicious indulgence, is broken and discomfited. It is thus that, when one is successfully resolute in his opposition to evil, the power of making the achievement and the facility of the achievement itself, are both upon the increase, and Virtue makes double gain to herself by every separate conquest which she may have won. The humbler attainments of moral worth are first mastered and secured, and the aspiring disciple may pass onward, in a career that is quite indefinite, to nobler deeds and nobler sacrifices.—Chalmers.





RUINS OF WEISSENAU, NEAR INTERLAKEN.—AFTER PROFESSOR ALT.



M70U



## PERHAPS.

GEORGE COOPER.

PERHAPS the lips we press to-day  
To-morrow may be mute and cold;  
Perhaps the hopes all flushed with May  
The heart no more may hold.

Perhaps the arm so true and skilled  
May lose its cunning and its might;  
Perhaps the castles which we build  
May topple from their height.

Perhaps the hands that clasp our own  
May wrong us ere the day is done;  
Perhaps!—is this thy song alone,  
Under the clouds and sun?

Oh, loving Faith in earthy good!  
Oh, heart that neither doubts nor pines!  
Griefs are but joys misunderstood:  
Beyond, the glory shines!

So, while the toilsome years elapse,  
One blest assurance here shall fall,—  
One hope untainted by Perhaps:  
God's Heaven above us all!

HEART AND IMAGINATION; OR, THE POET  
AND THE PEASANT.

W. R. C.

A YOUNG man was rambling along the skirts of the forest which separates St. Marie aux Mines from Ribauvillé, and notwithstanding the approach of night, and the fog which was rapidly thickening around him, he strolled leisurely along without a thought of the lateness of the hour. His green jacket, dooskin gaiters, and the gun which rested on his shoulder, would have pointed him out as a sportsman, had not the book which peeped from his gamepouch betrayed rather the literary dreamer, to whom the pleasures of the field were only a fair pretext for the indulgence of a solitary ramble. Even at this moment, the meditative nonchalance with which he pursued his way, bespoke Arnold de Munster to be less eager in his quest of game, than intent in pursuing the phantasies of his own imagination. During the last few minutes his thoughts had wandered back to Paris, and to the home and friends whom he had left behind. He pictured to himself, with regret, the study, so tastefully decorated with statues and engravings, the German melodies which his sister used to send to him, and the chosen society wont to assemble beneath their hospitable roof. Why had he given up all these enjoyments, and exiled himself in a country-house in the distant province of Alsace? Was it needful thus to retrieve his fortune? Or would it not be far better to make any pecuniary sacrifice, rather than dwell among the coarse and vulgar beings by whom he was here surrounded? While thus lost in perplexing thought, Arnold had walked on without considering whither the path he was pursuing might lead him. At length his reverie was dispelled by the unpleasant consciousness that the fog had melted into rain, and was penetrating his shooting jacket. He now thought of hastening homeward, but on looking around him, perceived that he had lost his way amidst the windings of the forest, and sought in vain to discover which was the direction he ought to take. Meanwhile, the daylight was fading away, the rain became heavier, and he wandered on in uncertainty through unknown paths. His heart was beginning to fail him, when suddenly the welcome tinkling of bells met his ears, and a team, conducted by a tall man clad in a blouse, appeared in sight, coming up from a by-road towards the spot where he stood. Arnold awaited his approach, and asked whether it was far to Sersberg.

"Sersberg!" repeated the teamster; "I hope you do not reckon upon sleeping there to-night?"

"Pardon me, but I do though," replied the young man.

"At the Château of Sersberg?" continued the peasant: "then you must know of a railway leading to it. There are six good leagues to be traversed before you could reach the gate, and, considering the weather and the roads, they might be reckoned as twelve."

The young man made an exclamation of surprise. He had started early in the day from the château, and had no idea he had rambled so far from it. But the peasant, on hearing of the course he had pursued, explained that for some hours he had been going in the wrong direction; and that, while he thought

himself on the road to Sersberg, he had, in reality, been turning his back upon it. It was now too late to repair his error—the nearest village was about a league distant, and Arnold did not know the way thither; so that he found himself compelled to accept the shelter which was cordially offered by his new companion, whose farm happily lay near at hand. He accordingly joined the countryman, and attempted to enter into conversation with him; but Moser was no talker, and appeared a perfect stranger to all those ideas which habitually filled the young man's mind.

On emerging from the forest, Arnold called his attention to the magnificent horizon which lay before them, and which the last rays of the setting sun now tinged with a hue of the deepest purple. The farmer only shrugged his shoulders, and murmured in reply—"It will be a bad day to-morrow," at the same time drawing more closely around him the *limousine* which served him for a cloak.

"I should think one can see the whole valley from this point of the road," said Arnold, who sought to pierce through the darkness in which the base of the hill was already enveloped.

"Yes, yes," replied Moser, shaking his head, "this rascally hill is high enough for that. Now *there* is an invention which I don't see much use for."

"What invention?"

"Why, the mountains to be sure."

"You would like better to have nothing but plains?"

"What a question!" exclaimed the farmer, laughing aloud. "You might as well ask me whether I would rather not break my horses' backs."

"Ah, that is true," replied Arnold in a tone of contemptuous irony: "I forgot the horses! God ought certainly to have thought of them above all when he created the world."

"I do not know," Moser tranquilly replied, "whether *God* should have thought of them or not; but, certainly, the engineers ought not to forget them when they construct a road. The horse, sir, is the laborer's best friend, without intending, however, any insult to the oxen, which have also their value."

Arnold looked at the peasant in amazement.

"Then do you really see nothing in all which surrounds you," asked he, seriously, "but the mere question of utility? The forest, the mountain, the clouds—do they never speak to your heart? Have you never stood still to contemplate the setting sun, or the forest lighted up by the stars, as at this moment?"

"Me!" exclaimed the farmer. "Do you suppose, then, that I make almanacs? What good should I get from your starlight nights and setting suns? The important thing is to earn enough to pay for one's three daily meals, and for something to keep the cold out of one's stomach. Would monsieur like a little drop of cherry brandy? It is good, and comes from the other side of the Rhine."

He held out a small flask to Arnold, who rejected it disdainfully.

The coarseness of the peasant renewed his regrets for the polished society he had left behind. He could hardly believe that these unhappy beings, whose lives were devoted to labor, and whose minds never seemed to rise above what was most material in all that surrounded them, could be men endued with the same nature as himself. Their animal existence was the same, but what an abyss between their spirits! Were there any inclinations common to each—any point of resemblance which might attest their fraternity? Arnold felt each moment more inclined to doubt it. The longer he reflected, the more he became convinced that this immaterial flower of all things, to which we have given the name of poetry, was the privileged possession of a few choice spirits, while the rest of mankind vegetated in the dull limbo of a prosaic existence. Such thoughts as these communicated a sort of contemptuous nonchalance to his demeanor towards his guide, with whom he no longer attempted any conversation. Moser showed neither surprise nor annoyance at his conduct, and began to whistle a familiar air, interrupting it now and then to utter a word of encouragement to his horses.

Ere long they reached the farm, where the tingling of the little bells had announced their approach. A young boy and a middle-aged woman appeared at the same moment upon the threshold.

"It is your father!" exclaimed the woman, turning hastily back into the house, whence there im-

mediately issued forth the joyous voices of children, who came running to the door, and pressed eagerly round the peasant.

"Wait a minute there, *marmaille!*" he exclaimed with his rough voice, whilst at the same time he drew from the cart a covered basket. "Let Fritz unharness the horses."

But the children continued to besiege the farmer, all talking at the same time. He stooped down to kiss them all, one after another; then suddenly raising himself up, "Where is Johnny?" he inquired with a hurried voice, which betrayed some feeling of anxiety.

"Here, papa—here I am," answered a feeble little voice within the doorway. "Mamma does not like me to come out in this rain."

"Stay, then—stay a moment," said Moser, while he threw the reins on the backs of the unharnessed horses: "I am coming to you, my child. Go in all of you, children, not to let him be tempted to come out."

The three children ran joyously back to the porch, where the little Johnny stood by his mother's side. He was a pale, sickly boy; so deformed, that it was impossible to guess his age. He rested upon crutches, and his whole frame was bent and emaciated. On his father's approach, he extended his diminutive arms towards him with an expression so full of joy and love, that his wrinkled face beamed with delight. Moser lifted him up with his sinewy hands, uttering, at the same time, an exclamation of happiness not unmingled with emotion: "Come, then, my little Puss!" said he; "kiss papa, then; with both arms hug him close now. How has he been since yesterday?"

The mother shook her head. "Always that cough," she said in an under tone.

"Oh, papa, it is nothing," said the little boy, "Louis had drawn me rather too fast in my wheel chair; but I am quite well again. I feel as strong as a man."

The peasant laid him carefully down, raised the fallen crutches, which he placed under his arms, and looked at him with an air of satisfaction. "Don't you think he grows, wife?" said he in the tone of a man who wants to be encouraged in his own opinion. "Walk a little way, Johnny—walk, my boy! He walks quicker and more firmly. He will do well, wife; we must only have a little patience."

The good woman said nothing, but her glance rested upon her infirm child with such an expression of utter despair that it made Arnold shudder. Happily for poor Moser, he saw it not.

"Come here now, all you young brood," he continued, opening at the same time the basket which he had taken from the cart. "There is something for everybody. Fall into rank, and hold out your hands."

The good father had just produced three small white rolls, ornamented with gilding. Three exclamations of joy were uttered, and six little hands simultaneously started forward to receive them; but in a moment all drew back as if by instinct: "And Johnny?" inquired with one accord all the little voices.

"What matter about Johnny?" gaily replied Moser. "Who knows but I have brought nothing for him this evening? He shall have his share another time."

But the child smiled, and tried to stretch over and peep into the basket. The farmer stepped back, lifted the cover, and raising his hand with an air of mock solemnity, displayed before the eyes of all a gingerbread cake, decorated with white and pink sugar-plums. There was a general exclamation of delight. Johnny himself could not suppress a feeble cry of admiration; a slight tinge of color passed across his pale cheeks, and he stretched out his hand with an expression of joyous avidity.

"Ah, that takes your fancy, my little Puss," exclaimed the father, whose countenance brightened at the sight of his child's pleasure. "Take it, my old man; take it, it is only sugar and honey."

He placed the cake in the hands of the little cripple, watched him as he slowly moved away, and then turning towards Arnold, said with some emotion, "He is my first-born, sir: disease has somewhat deformed him; but he is as sharp as a needle, and it will be our own fault if he does not turn out a gentleman." While speaking, he crossed the outer room, and led the way into a sort of parlor, whose whitewashed walls were decorated with a few rude engravings. On entering, Arnold perceived Johnny



seated on the ground, surrounded by his brothers, amongst whom he was sharing the cake given him by his father. But each was exclaiming against the size of his share, and wanting it smaller; it needed all the eloquence of the little hunchback to make them accept the shares he had allotted to them.

The young huntsman looked at the scene for some moments with deep interest, and the children having again left the room, he expressed his admiration of it to the farmer's wife. "Certainly," she replied with a smile, while at the same time a sigh escaped her, "there are times when I think that the infirmities of our poor John are of use to our other children: amongst each other they are very slow in yielding, but not one of them can ever refuse him anything—it is a continual exercise of kindness and devotion."

"And a fine kind of virtue it is!" interrupted Moser. "Who could refuse giving anything to an innocent who has so much to suffer? It is a foolish thing for a man to say, but do you know, sir, that child always makes me feel disposed to cry. Often when I am in the fields, I begin all of a sudden to think of him. I say to myself, 'Perhaps Johnny is ill, perhaps he is dead!' and then, no matter what hurry there may be for the work to be got through I have to find some pretext or other for coming home and seeing how things go on. You see he is so feeble, so suffering! If he were not loved more than others, he would be too unhappy."

"Yes, yes," gently replied his wife, "the poor child is to us at once a cross and a blessing. My children, sir, are all dear to me; but when I hear upon the floor the sound of Johnny's crutches, I always feel as it were a thrill of joy pass through me; it is a notice to me that our gracious God has not yet withdrawn the beloved child from us. It often seems to me that Johnny brings happiness to the house, like the swallow's nest built beneath the

roof. If I had not to watch over him, I should feel as if I had nothing left to do."

Arnold listened to these naïve expressions of tenderness with mingled interest and surprise. The good woman called a servant to assist her in laying the cloth; and the young man, at the invitation of Moser, drew near the brushwood fire which was

"Idea? No," replied the peasant; "but I, too, have served a campaign in the 14th Hussars—a valiant regiment, sir—which was pretty well cut up at Montrivail. There were only eight men left in our squadron; and so, to be sure, when the *Little Corporal* passed in front of the line, he saluted us—yes, sir—he took off his hat and saluted us! *Tonnerre!*

it was worth while being killed for him! Ah! he was the father of the soldier."

Here the peasant began to fill his pipe, with his eyes fixed upon the frame of black wood and the dried leaf. There was evidently, to him, in this remembrance of a wonderful destiny a whole romance of youth and of emotion. He recalled the last struggles of the Empire, in which he had borne a part; the reviews held by the emperor, when his presence was still considered a pledge of victory; the successes of the French campaign, which were soon followed by the disaster of Waterloo; the departure of the fallen hero; and his long agony on the rock of St. Helena. All these images passed successively before the farmer's mind, and his brow became knitted—he pressed his thumb energetically on his pipe, and whistled in a low tone one of the marches of his old regiment.

Arnold respected the old soldier's meditations, and waited till he should himself once more break the silence. The arrival of supper

awoke him from his reverie—he drew a chair to the table for his guest, and took his own place opposite.

"Come," said he, abruptly, "let us set to work with the soup. I have taken nothing since morning but a crust of bread and two or three mouthfuls of cherry brandy. I could almost swallow a whole cow this evening;" and, as if to prove his assertion, he began rapidly to despatch the large basin of soup which stood before him. For a few minutes, nothing was heard but the noise of spoons, soon followed by that of knives employed in cutting up the quarter of

"You attach, then, some particular idea to it?" said the young man, enquiringly.



THE WEASEL AT HOME.—AFTER DIEKER.





PLATO'S BANQUET.—FROM A CARTOON BY ASMUS JACOB CARSTENS.



1700



smoked bacon, which the good wife placed before them.

The long walk and keen air had given even Arnold an appetite which made him forget all his Parisian delicacies; the bacon seemed the best flavored he had ever tasted; and the cheap *vin du pays*, which constituted the sole beverage at the farmer's table, appeared to him capital.

The supper went merrily on till the farmer inquired, as if struck by a sudden thought, "Where is Farraut? I have not seen him since my return."

His wife and children looked at each other, and made no reply.

"Well, then, what is the matter?" said Moser, who perceived their embarrassment. "Where is the dog? What has happened? Do answer me, Dorothy!"

"Do not be vexed, dear papa," interrupted Johnny; "we did not dare to tell you; but Farraut is gone off, and has not come back again."

"Gone off! but you should have told me," said the peasant striking the table with his fist. "And what road did he take?"

"The road to Garennes."

"When was it?"

"After breakfast. We saw him go up the little path."

"Something must have happened to him," said Moser, rising from his seat. "The poor animal is almost blind, and there are sand-pits all along the road. Go, get me my goat-skin cloak and my lantern; I must find poor Farraut either dead or alive."

Dorothy went out without making any observation on the lateness of the hour, or the badness of the weather, and soon returned with the cloak and lantern.

"You value this dog much?" inquired Arnold, surprised at their anxiety.

"Not for my own sake," replied Moser, as he lighted his pipe; "but he did a good service to Dorothy's father. One day, as he was returning from La Boutraye with the price of his bullocks, four men set on him, and would have killed him to get his money, but Farraut drove them off; and so, when the good man died two years ago, he called me to his bedside, and asked me to care for the dog as for one of his children. Those were his very words. I promised it; and it would be a shame not to keep one's word with the dead. Ho, Fritz! give me my stick: I would not, for the world, that anything should have happened to Farraut. The creature has been in the family for twenty years. He knows every one of us by our voices, and he recalls the good grandfather to mind. Give the lantern here quickly, Dorothy. Good night, sir, and rest well till to-morrow."

Moser wrapped himself in his goatskin and went out. The sound of his iron-tipped staff made itself heard for a few moments, and was then lost amidst the noise of the storm and rain, which was raging without.

After a long silence, the hostess proposed to show the young man the room she had prepared for him; but Arnold begged to be allowed to wait the return of his host. He began to feel interested in this man, whom he had at first thought rude and vulgar-minded, and in this humble family, whose life had seemed to him so devoid of interest.

The night passed on; but no sign of Moser. The children dropped asleep one after another, and John himself, who made the longest resistance, at length yielded to the weariness which stole over him.

Dorothy, uneasy and restless, went constantly to the door, to see if she could hear the sound of footsteps. Arnold tried to reassure her; but this only excited her the more. She accused Moser of never considering his own health or safety; of being always ready to sacrifice himself for others; of never being satisfied to see either man or beast suffer without doing everything to relieve them; and in proportion as she multiplied her complaints, which sounded wonderfully like praises, her anxiety became greater, and she was filled with forebodings of ill. The night before, the dog had never ceased howling, an owl had perched on the roof, and, besides, it was Wednesday, always an unfortunate day to them. At last she became so miserable that the young huntsman proposed to go in search of her husband; and she was about to awaken Fritz to accompany him as a guide, when the sound of footsteps was heard outside.

"It is he!—it is Moser!" exclaimed the good woman. "Thank God! he is safe."

"Hollo! open quick, wife," cried the farmer from without.

She ran to draw back the bolt, and Moser appeared with the old blind dog in his arms.

"Here he is," cried he gaily. "God bless me! I thought I should never find him: the poor animal had rolled to the bottom of the great quarry."

"And did you go down there to get him?" inquired the terrified Dorothy.

"Would you have had me leave him at the bottom, to find him drowned there to-morrow?" replied the old soldier. "I slipped along the high bank, and carried him away in my arms like a child, only I was obliged to leave the lantern behind."

"But, good heavens, you risked your life!" exclaimed Dorothy, shuddering.

He shrugged his shoulders, and said good-humoredly, "Ah, bah! when one risks nothing, one gets nothing. I have found Farraut, that is the chief thing. If the good grandfather looks down upon us, he will be pleased now."

This reflection, made almost in a tone of indifference, deeply touched Arnold, who warmly grasped the peasant's hand, saying with emotion, "You have acted like a true-hearted man, my friend."

"In what respect?" answered Moser. "Is it because I have saved a dog from drowning? Thank God! I have saved many a dog and many a man, too, since I was born; but not often in worse weather than to-night. Say, my good Dorothy, can you give me a glass of cogniac to warm me?"

She brought the bottle to her husband, who drank to the health of his guest, and then they all retired to rest.

The next morning was again fine; the sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the birds sang sweetly on the boughs, still glittering with rain-drops. When Arnold descended from the loft where he had passed the night, he found Farraut at the door basking in the warm rays of the rising sun, while the little cripple was seated by his side, making a collar for him of the bright red berries of the wild rose. Farther on, in the outer room, the farmer sat chatting with a beggar, who came for his weekly alms. Dorothy was engaged in filling the old man's sack.

"Come, old Henri, you must have a drink before you go," said the peasant, whilst he filled a glass for the aged beggar. "To enable you to get through your rounds you must have something to give you courage."

"One always finds some here," said the beggar with a smile. "There are not many houses in the parish which give more liberally; and, certainly, there are none where what is given so cheerfully."

"Hush, hush, Father Henriot," interrupted Moser; "why talk about such things? Take your glass, and leave it to the good God to judge the actions of other men. You know you and I have served together—we are comrades."

The old man contented himself with shaking his head, and striking his glass with the farmer's, without further remark; but one could see that he felt more deeply the kindness with which the alms were bestowed than the gift of the alms themselves.

When he had again lifted his sack upon his shoulder, and said farewell, Moser looked after him till he had turned the corner, and then said with a sigh, "One more homeless poor old man cast upon the world!" and added, turning to his guest, "Perhaps you will hardly believe me, sir, but when I see a feeble aged man like that obliged to beg his bread from door to door, my heart sinks within me. I should like to be able to shelter them all under my roof, and welcome them to my table. One may argue about it as one likes, but nothing prevents such a sight from breaking the heart but the recollection that up there, above us, there is a land where those who have not received even a scanty portion here, will have double ration and double pay."

"Ah, keep fast hold of that hope," said Arnold; "it alone can sustain and console us. I shall never forget the hours I have passed with you, my friend; I hope they may not be the last."

"We shall rejoice to see you," said the old soldier. "If the bed in the loft is not too hard for you, and you can put up with our smoked bacon, come as often as you like, and we shall always have a hearty welcome for you." As he thus spoke, the peasant cordially shook the hand which the young man offered him, pointed out the path he should follow, and stood on the threshold till he had turned the corner of the road and vanished from his sight.

Arnold walked on thoughtfully for some distance, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; but when he had reached the summit of the hill, he turned to cast one more look upon the farm; and as he stood watching the light smoke which curled from its chimney, a tear of grateful emotion dimmed his eye. "May God protect that roof!" he earnestly exclaimed; "for there, where my pride saw only beings incapable of understanding the more refined sentiments of our nature, I have found those who are an example to myself. I judged hastily from the exterior, and thought all the poetry of life was wanting, because, instead of showing itself outwardly, it lay hidden within the deeper recesses of the heart. Superficial observer that I was! I spurned with my foot what seemed to me a hard ungainly flint, little thinking of the diamond hidden within."

## THE THRUSH.

ALFRED PERCEVAL.

O THRUSH! that pourest, far and near,  
From some dark bower thy passionate song,  
Thou speakest sadder to my ear  
To-day than all the feathered throng.

For when of late, in search of food,  
The mother-bird had left her young,  
With axe in hand, a woodsman rude,  
I roved my leafy shades among;

Until at last my critic eye  
Discerned a tangled beechen bough;  
I heaved the sturdy steel on high,  
And with three blows I struck it through.

It rocked, then down to earth it fell,  
And turning, tossed upon the air  
Four throistles, scarce escaped the shell,  
With downy breasts and pinions bare;

Whilst wildly wheeling o'er their fall,  
Returned, alas! one moment late,  
The parent thrush with piteous call  
Bewails her brood's disastrous fate.

Each bird, with wafts of warmest breath,  
I strove to stir to life again;  
But, oh! so rude the rock beneath,  
All—all the little ones were slain.

In their own nest, that scarce was cold,  
Their tender corpses I inurned;  
Then made their grave of garden mold,  
And homeward melancholy turned;

And still a voice within me said,  
"Thus by the strokes of selfish power,  
At random dealt, we mourn you dead,  
Sweet half-fledged hopes, from hour to hour."

And this is why, in accents clear,  
Pouring afar her passionate song,  
One thrush speaks sadder to my ear  
To-day than all the feathered throng.

CHOICE OF BOOKS.—Young reader—you, whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted with the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you! Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may after all be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, if you have felt that such were the effects that it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title-page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set though it should be the prominent furniture in the rosewood bookcase.—*Southey.*



## THE HOME OF BARON VON STEIN.

THE city of Nassau is one of the most romantic spots in Germany. It lies in the valley of the Lahn, on the bank of the river itself, and retains to this day much of the old simplicity of German life. It is especially interesting as being the birthplace of Karl von Stein, the renowned Prussian Minister, whose name, for so many years, formed a central point, around which gathered the patriotic fervor of all Germany.

He was born in the year 1757, and died in June, 1831, being the last of his race—the name, Von Stein, which, for over seven hundred years had been the glory and pride of the Lahn valley, passing away with him. His baronial residence in Nassau, where he spent his declining years, is, since his death, in the possession of Count Kielmansegge, his son-in-law.

## MEMORY PICTURES.

DARK hickory boughs against blue perfect sea;  
Sharp-shapen fir-trees crowning sombre rocks;  
The cadence of wind-murmurs fresh and free;  
The merry sunlight on brown girlish locks;  
The sounding of two tender voices low;—  
And all so long ago!

A building of sweet castles i'the air,  
Frail as the dim, calm cloud o'er distant seas;  
Delicious idlesse; carelessness of care;  
Fragments of song; unutterable ease;  
Life's music all at soft *pianissimo*;—  
And all so long ago!

A purple whorl of sunset in the west;  
A great gold star through a wide oriel seen;  
Two lilled hands upon a placid breast;  
A mute pale face ineffably serene;  
A mourner kneeling in impassioned woe;—  
And all so long ago! —Edgar Fawcett.

pursuits. He found it impossible, however, to submit to a life so opposite from his desires, and, after a struggle of five years, he broke loose, and in 1776 went to Copenhagen and devoted himself entirely to the study of art.

Here a new world of wonder and beauty was opened before the impressionable soul of the young artist. We cannot better represent his enthusiasm than to give his own words regarding it. On first beholding copies of the pure antique, he says: "These forms appeared to me like heavenly creations, the works of superhuman artists, and it seemed to me impossible that I or any other man would ever be able to produce anything in the least corresponding to them. Here I saw, for the first time, the 'Apollo of the Vatican,' the 'Laokoon,' the 'Hercules,' the 'Wrestlers,' and many others—and a holy feeling of awe and reverence affected me almost to



THE HOME OF BARON VON STEIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Karl von Stein was one of the most gallant defenders of German national integrity and independence. Always watchful against encroachments from foreign powers, he did more than any one man of his time to elevate and strengthen the German nations; and the proud position occupied by Germany, at the present day, is mainly owing to his powerful influence.

"I would sooner live on dry crusts in the hut of the poorest peasant, than enjoy wealth and fame at the cost of the honor of my country," he is said to have remarked; and the sentiment lives, together with his name, in the hearts of the people.

A national monument to his honor is being erected on the woody slope, on the shore of the Lahn, opposite to the city, where it is placed near some ancient ruins.

On the summit of the same hill, are the crumbling walls of the old castle of Nassau. The whole forms a beautiful picture, the ruined towers appearing among the trees; the quaint old city, and the river Lahn flowing peacefully toward the Rhine.

## ASMUS JACOB CARSTENS.

THE restoration of German art and literature, brought about, principally, through the influence of Winckelman and Lessing, forms the most important intellectual epoch of Germany since the Reformation.

Among those who gave earliest and purest expression to the newly-awakened spirit of plastic art, Asmus Jacob Carstens stands prominent. In him the classic feeling of Greece was united with true German profundity, and to the ancient beauty of form he imparted the elements of fire and strength. Carstens never put forward the pure antique at the cost of modern feeling; in him the two elements never clashed, but were harmonized into an artistic whole.

Carstens was born on the 10th of May, 1754, in St. Jürgen, a small village near Schleswig. Very early in life he developed a decided tendency for art, but he was forced by his parents to act contrary to his inclinations, and to devote himself to mercantile

tears. It appeared as if the Highest Being, to whom, when a boy, I had often prayed in the cathedral at Schleswig, had heard my entreaties and revealed Himself unto me. I neither dreamed nor desired greater happiness than to remain for ever near those grand productions of antique art."

Entirely filled with adoration of classic beauty, Carstens made his studies independently and by himself. By painting portraits he earned sufficient means for his support, and, living economically, was able in a few years to save enough with which to carry out a long cherished wish—that of visiting Italy. In the Spring of 1783 he left Germany, and went as far as Mantua, where the Frescoes of Giulio Romano, in the Palazzo del Te, fascinated him to such an extent that he remained there until his funds gave out and he was obliged to return to Germany.

He now remained in Lübeck, and returned to his old occupation of portrait painting, wearisome work for a spirit glowing with artistic enthusiasm. He found time, however, to prosecute his studies with great vigor, and also produced several cartoons



worthy of notice in the history of German *renaissance*, as being among the earliest and most powerful expressions of the new school.

At last, after five years' residence in Lübeck, Carstens was enabled, through the generosity of two of its citizens, to remove to Berlin, where a new field of study opened before him. The spirit and originality of his compositions attracted great attention, and he was soon appointed to a professorship in the Academy. Not long afterward he received a pension of two hundred thalers, for two years, with which to make a journey to Italy, and he left Germany never to return.

Proceeding at once to Rome, he became completely engrossed in the study of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and was brought, through the influence of these great masters, to the position of leader among the regenerators of German art.

The celebrity of Carstens' works, and the attention he attracted from all quarters, made him the object of much jealousy, and he suffered bitterly, at times, from the attacks of his enemies—men mostly opposed to the new school of art, and especially to that branch of which Carstens was the originator. It is not to be denied that his ideas and developments were one sided, but that one-sidedness was perhaps just the element necessary to enable him to perform with such enthusiasm the peculiar mission which appeared laid out for him.

The withdrawal of his yearly pension was a terrible blow to his hopes, from which he never recovered; and the struggle against poverty and opposition undermined his health to such an extent that he grew weaker and weaker day by day. He never, under all these trials, neglected, for one moment, the grand object of his life; and, even on his death-bed, his feeble hands labored to place, in enduring form, the grand ideas which filled his brain. His last work was "The Golden Age." He died on the 25th of May, 1798, and was buried at the foot of the Pyramid of Cestius.

The engraving, on another page, of the "Banquet of Plato," is from a cartoon, executed during Carstens' residence in Rome, the best and strongest period of his life.

Carstens describes it in the following words: "A young, wealthy Athenian, named Agathon, who had won the prize in tragedy, invited his friends, Socrates, Aristophanes, and others, to a grand banquet. Alcibiades, whom Agathon had not invited, came in unbidden. He was intoxicated, and had his forehead bound with wreaths. The guests arose in disorder, and he took his place by the side of Socrates, upon whose brow he placed a wreath, saying that he alone, of all men, was worthy of such honor. Aristophanes, sitting behind the table, is looking earnestly at Alcibiades." The material, which is drawn from Plato's *Conversation*, "The Banquet, or the Praise of Eros," is peculiarly adapted for artistic representation, and Carstens' great powers, not only for classic expression, but for individualization and delineation of character as well, are clearly shown in the group about the table.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF READING.—Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind and faculties, it is on this.—*Dr. Arnold.*

## THEODORE TILTON.

THIS remarkable man may be said to live three intellectual or literary lives: first, as a poet; second, as an orator; and third, as a journalist. In any one of these capacities, without the aid of the other two, he has undoubtedly achieved a reputation; with all three combined, he has become one of the best known men of his time. Considered as a poet, Mr. Tilton is to be judged by the comparatively few pieces which compose the volume entitled "The Sexton's Tale, and other Poems;" as an orator, by ten years of incessant public speaking in the anti-slavery cause, with his more recent series of lyceum lectures; and, as a journalist, by a fifteen years' service on the *Independent*—during which, it became one of the most influential of the press in America—and by his late establishment of the *Golden Age*.

The brief biography of our subject—and biographies of literary men are generally brief—begins and

had a wish that some one of his pupils might become distinguished as an artist, and he selected Theodore for such a career, urging him to adopt art as a profession. But the fates decreed otherwise. He entered into literature, carrying with him into that field all the artistic tastes and sympathies which, at one period of his life, came nigh dedicating all his efforts to the brush instead of the pen. His favorite studies were mathematics and the ancient languages. He invented several new solutions of certain geometrical problems, which earned him not only a mathematical gold medal, but a high reputation with the late Professor E. C. Ross, who once said, pointing him out, "That young gentleman is the best mathematician who ever sat in any class of mine."

His first immediate connection with the press was as an amateur short-hand writer, an accomplishment which he had acquired in boyhood, at a time when there was, probably, less than a dozen students of phonography in this country. During his college

vacation Mr. Tilton occasionally made reports for the *Times* and *Tribune*, and, in that way, first drew attention to his literary ability; but he was never regularly connected with any journal as a reporter. Subsequently he became an amanuensis to Dr. Prime, of the *Observer*—filling a subordinate position on that paper, and, at the same time, doing incidental work for Mr. Daniel Burgess, such as preparing manuscript and writing prefaces to certain works which that gentleman was then publishing. Mr. Tilton's friends may be interested in knowing that he, too, became the author of a book at this early period in his literary experience. The book was published anonymously, and had a very extensive sale, but to this day its authorship has never been acknowledged.

In March, 1856, Mr. Tilton attached himself to the editorial staff of the *Independent*, then under the conduct of Drs. Bacon, Thompson, and Storrs. After a few years these gentlemen resigned, and Henry Ward Beecher acceded to the chair—Mr. Tilton being his first lieutenant. This position he retained until 1863, when Mr. Beecher's retirement promoted him to the rank of editor-in-chief, which he continued to hold for seven years, and which he finally left to establish the *Golden Age*.

In this new enterprise, Mr. Tilton is beginning to realize the dream of his younger days. The desire of many years has finally been gratified by the establishment of a paper entirely his own; and he now boasts that the *Golden Age* was named long before its birth.

With his merits as a writer every one is more or less familiar; for, as

in thought, word, and action Mr. Tilton is strikingly original, so into the realm of literature he has carried a style peculiarly his own. Although a journalist, he is very unlike the ordinary type of an editor. It is the moral of events, rather than the events themselves, that he aims principally to present; and more as a critic than as a chronicler has he wielded the professional pen. His literary productions are distinguished for their vigor, warmth and intensity. He is pre-eminently the man of emergency, and is never more brilliant than when in the very heat of some great conflict. It was this happy fitness for the hour that carried him so rapidly to fame during the anti-slavery struggle, and left Theodore Tilton, at the close of the war, on the topmost wave of popularity.

One of his most striking characteristics is his fearlessly bold declaration of opinions. Sometimes his expressions are hasty and immature. But, with him, to think is to utter; and in a manner, too, that leaves no doubt of the sincerity of his convictions. The right is upheld, and the wrong denounced, with all the vehemence of an enthusiast, and with the utmost indifference to popular approval. And, as his strong



THE PARENT THRUSH.—WEBB.

ends at almost the same spot; for he was born in New York, within a stone's-throw of his present editorial office. The date of his birth, was October 2, 1835. He received his preliminary education at the old public school which used to stand opposite the Shakespeare Hotel. When the College of New York was founded, and its doors opened to graduates from public schools, he was one of the first scholars to pass the competency examination—then becoming the earliest, as he has since become the most famous, of the long list of inmates of that institution. It was there he "finished" his education; yet, after having taken the complete college course, young Tilton went out from his Alma Mater without her graduating diploma. A conscientious punctilio, which forbade his acceptance of a degree, precluded his participation in the graduating exercises. He submitted to the preparatory examination, and wrote his graduating essay; but the youthful genius, who was destined for later and more substantial honors, counted as nothing those mere nominal favors, which may mark an era in every school-boy's life.

While at the college the young student became a favorite with Professor Paul Duggan, who always



sympathies with the advance guard of nineteenth-century progress frequently causes *his* estimate of right and wrong to conflict with the popular verdict, he has thereby created for himself an element of bitter opposition, in the unenviable enjoyment of which, if it is any indication of greatness, he is to be heartily congratulated.

In his *personnel*, Nature has shown herself no less generous than in his mental endowments. A strong brain is sustained and nourished by a strong body; and, although the intellectual powers tend somewhat to overtop the physical, the happy equilibrium with which he was blessed by his ancestry may, with proper care, be preserved to a green old age. He is tall and graceful in form, with a fair beardless face, and a wealth of flaxen hair, conspicuously long, which rests in massy waves upon his shoulders. The expression of his countenance is at once genial and dignified—he may be humorous and entertaining, or silent and reserved—and to strangers frequently appears forbiddingly cold. Yet his natural warmth of heart and quick sympathies are easily discovered in the thousand little ways by which he delights to manifest that truly Christian spirit, which makes "goodwill toward all men" a practical religion.

Mr. Tilton's home, in Brooklyn, is strongly characteristic of the æsthetic tastes of its master. In it are gathered some of the rarest gems, in art and literature, to be found in our new world. The walls of his dwelling, from the parlors to the study—a cosy little apartment at the top of the house—are literally lined with pictures, among which are one or two masterpieces in oil, and several first-proof engravings. Having but barely escaped being an artist himself, this man of letters seems to cherish a most tender sympathy with all that pertains to art. His pictures are his pets. He exhibits them as proudly, and lingers over them as fondly, as some little girl rejoicing in the possession of her first miniature babe. And, in the department of art-criticism, his new paper is destined to wield a wide influence.

#### RUINS OF ALLERHEILIGEN.

WHEN the illustration of these noble ruins appeared in our August issue, we found it necessary, for want of space, to omit the descriptive matter; but, finding that disappointment has been caused in some quarters, we now furnish the same, taken from the note-book of Miss Emma A. Maertz, whilst residing there in 1869:

"The abbey was founded some time in the thirteenth century by a pious countess, and flourished until 1802, when it was destroyed by lightning. A

pleasant legend is told concerning the selection of its site. The countess, unable to decide it herself, concluded to leave it to Providence, invoking an omen. A donkey, laden with stones, was let loose—the lady vowing that its stopping-place should be the site of her future monastery. The donkey, it is said, wandered on and on for a long time, through valley and up mountain, till it reached a high point of the Black Forest, rugged and inaccessible to builders. Unable to follow such guidance, the countess selected a spot lower down, and more con-

"The road at length diverges into several paths, by one of which we descended into the valley or gorge, where a charming picture presented—a succession of beautiful cataracts, falling in clouds of spray, and breaking into sparkling drops of crystal on the rugged moss-grown rocks beneath. The chasm above each cataract is spanned by a rustic bridge, affording a fine view of the giddy leaps these wild waters make. Leaving the water-falls, a short walk brought us to the hotel, built by government, for the accommodation of the many visitors to the place. Here

we first visited the ruined chapel—all that remains of the numerous buildings belonging to the monastery—and its massive walls are fast crumbling to decay. Tablets, of the tombs of priests and monks, lie scattered through the deserted aisles—their inscriptions almost defaced by the hand of Time. The light streams in through no wonderfully-painted windows of glass, but through a net-work of waving leaves and moss. Its pillars are broken, but the tasseled larch, crowning their broken capitals, conceals the ravages of the great destroyer. There is no organ, and the members of the choir are sleeping in the dust, but

'The harp that Nature's advent strung has never ceased to play.'

Merry birds twitter about the dim old walls, while the solemn voice of the near mountain torrent, and the wind in the needles of the pine, chant a daily requiem for the dead. Leaving the church, a walk through the dark forest brought us to several points commanding very extensive views. We paused to look down the awful depth yawning at our feet. One false step, and we would have lain, bruised and lifeless masses, where we had rejoiced an hour before."

#### THE BAOBAB.

THE baobab is a native of tropical Africa, growing not only on the shores on both sides of that great continent, but extending throughout the interior wherever a suitable locality occurs. The general aspect of the inland baobab is very different from that of the more familiar maritime trees which first arrest the traveler's attention. These have a comparatively low, stunted growth, seldom exceeding sixty or seventy feet in height. At ten or twelve feet from the ground the colossal trunk sends out its enormous branches, which are fifty or sixty feet in length. These support an immense hemispherical mass of foliage, having the appearance more of a forest than of a single tree.

The fame of the baobab rests chiefly upon the enormous size of its stem, which has been known to be as much as thirty-four feet in diameter. Its leaves are large, and resemble in appearance those of the horse-chestnut. They appear in the month of



THE BAOBAB.

venient to those climbing heavenward, and yet far above the vanity and turmoil of the world—about 3,000 feet. The road thither is passable only part of the way for carriages; but, for that distance, it is in perfect condition. The slope is so gradual, that one only realizes the height in looking back or down. It is a magnificent view—high mountains on each side enclosing a narrow valley, but a few rods in width, and, half-way up, the road winding in and out among the grand old hills, so that, in looking around, one seems to find himself shut in without means of egress. All along these narrow valleys are scattered the low thatched huts of those who, too poor to purchase elsewhere, must content themselves to pass their lives in these solitary and dangerous places.



June. When fully developed they form a dense mass of foliage, which, from its extent and solidity, can shield a great multitude from the rays of the burning sun. On this account, the village market is often held under the spreading branches of the baobab. In November the trees lose their foliage, and for six months they exhibit to the traveler only their huge stems and bare branches, as represented in our illustration. This frequent appearance of the tree has induced travelers to speak of it as unsightly and gloomy. To some extent such adjectives may have been suggested by its not unfrequently indicating the ruin of a native town or village. The negro can scarcely live without the baobab; and, consequently, plants it wherever he takes up his abode. The colossal tree, shooting up through dense and prickly underwood, frequently leads the traveler to the ruins below; and its gigantic leafless arms appear to bewail the desolation which a powerful but savage tribe had spread around.

In July, the baobab is covered with large, handsome white flowers. When fully grown, they are about six inches in diameter. The fruit is an oblong, gourd-like, woody capsule, and covered with a dense, short brown wool. It is from twelve to eighteen inches long, and six inches in diameter. It contains a large number of seeds, immersed in a slightly-acid pulp, with which the negro sweetens and flavors his drink.

## BOOK NOTICES.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT: ITS OFFICERS AND THEIR DUTIES. By Ransom H. Gillet. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

The general features and organism of the American Government, as a body politic, have been, from the beginning, thoroughly studied both by national and foreign authors; and, from time to time, we have to notice a new book on the Constitution of the United States. But what, to our knowledge, has never been treated of before in a complete work, is the structure of the Federal Government as an administrative body—which are its several departments and officers—and the duties ascribed to each of them under the existing laws. The author's aim is to accomplish this purpose—of showing the working of the administration. His book, as he says in the preface, "is not designed to give minute information to all who hold public office. Its object is to enable the rising generation to understand the structure of our government, what officers are employed in its practical operation, and their general duties."

At first, this structure was extremely simple; and, in fact, we were said by some great French writers, to be a people with no laws, and no administration; this they said in contradistinction to their own complicated system of administration, saddled with a heavy weight of laws, ordinances, orders, etc., which lead and still leads them to represent it as an immense polyp, extending itself to the minutest parts of the social body, and paralyzing and ruining their liberty of action.

Although our administration cannot and never will be that French system so obnoxious to freedom, no one will deny that it is becoming every day more complicated, principally since the close of our late war, which created different relations, for a time at least, among the several parts of our Federal Government. The book of Mr. Gillet, therefore, portraying the playing together of these parts, and doing it in a masterly way, it is easy to conceive how great a service it renders to the rising generation of America.

The author has a protracted experience in public life; and twenty years of earnest Congressional labors have given him special opportunities of observation, the result of which he now embodies in this volume, with a method and clearness of style that does him great credit.

The book is well printed and handsomely bound.

SCHOOL-HOUSES. By James Johnson. With numerous Designs by L. R. Hewes. New York: J. W. Schemmhorn & Co.

An invaluable book for school teachers and educational committees. It contains a great variety of plans and elevations for new school-houses, and a full description of the most approved school furniture and apparatus. It is well printed and very tastefully bound.

THE FOUR GOSPELS IN ONE. By a Chicago Bible Class Teacher. Chicago: R. A. Campbell. 1871.

A very useful book for Bible Classes and Sunday-school Teachers.

## PUBLISHERS' CORNER.

WE understand that Dr. J. B. Fuller-Walker, a successful city journalist, and an occasional contributor to this paper, will enter the lecture-field this season. His subjects will be "Fifth Avenue," and "The Citizen." Being used to public speaking, and of a lively temperament, his lectures will be well worth hearing, if he only talks as good as he writes.

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No. of Policies Issued - - 3,349.  
Covering in Risks, - \$7,813,850.00.  
Premiums, - - - \$369,047.23.  
Assets, over - - - \$350,000.00.

## Charter Oak LIFE INSURANCE Co. OF HARTFORD, CT.

New York Office: No. 183 Broadway.

N. S. PALMER, Gen'l. Agent.

Assets,	Income,
\$9,000,000.	\$3,500,000.
Dividends Paid to Insured,	Claims Paid on Policies.
\$2,500,000.	\$250,000.

The only Company that Guarantees ANNUAL DIVIDENDS, and the first in the U. S. to pay Dividends on and after the First Renewal.  
The Books and Circulars issued by the Company will be furnished to any person applying for them.

JAMES C. WALKLEY, President.  
Z. A. STORRS, Vice-President.  
S. H. WHITE, Sec'y and Treas'r.

## UNITED STATES LIFE Insurance Company, Broadway, cor. Warren St., NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED 1850.

Cash Assets, nearly \$4,000,000

The Principal Features of this Company are  
ABSOLUTE SECURITY,  
ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT, and  
LIBERALITY to the INSURED

ALL FORMS OF  
Life and Endowment Policies  
ISSUED.

JOHN E. DE WITT, President.  
CHAS. E. PEASE, Secretary.  
WM. D. WHITING, Actuary.

## The Connecticut MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets, Dec. 31st, 1870, - \$30,915,957.02.  
Total Death-Claims paid to date, - \$11,316,351.26  
Total Amount of Insurance Outstand-  
ing, over - - - \$181,265,762.00  
Dividend payable to its members in  
1871, - - - - \$4,250,000.00

OFFICERS:  
JAMES GOODWIN, President.  
Z. PRESTON, V.-Pres't. E. B. WATKINSON, V.-Pres't.  
W. S. OLMSTED, V.-Pres't and Treas.  
J. L. GREENE, Sec.  
E. W. BRYANT, Act'y. L. S. WILCOX, M.D., Med. Ex.

This Company is characterized by great economy in management; careful selection of lives; and by highly profitable results from its investments; and it grants all desirable forms of Life Insurance upon strictly equitable terms, and at the cheapest attainable rates of cost.

## NEW ENGLAND Mutual Life Insurance Co. OF BOSTON.

(ORGANIZED IN - - 1843)

THE OLDEST MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

Cash Assets, - - \$8,000,000.00  
Every Description of Life and Endowment  
Policies Issued.  
All Policies Non-Forfeitable.

J. M. GIBBENS, Sec'y. B. F. STEVENS, Pres't.  
S. S. STEVENS, Agent,  
110 Broadway New York.

## SECURITY Life Insurance and Annuity Co., 31 and 33 Pine St., New York.

ASSETS, . . . . \$2,400,000  
INCOME, . . . . \$1,400,000

Successful Progress of the Company:

Year	No. of Policies Issued each yr.	Gross Receipts.	Amount Insured by New Policies.	Total Gross Assets.
Year 1862,	211	23,423	489,000	122,857
" 1863,	288	80,538	1,939,550	160,092
" 1864,	1,403	149,411	2,819,743	249,811
" 1865,	2,134	323,827	4,841,280	425,027
" 1866,	3,325	603,621	7,520,509	751,398
" 1867,	4,094	880,000	9,070,805	1,280,390
" 1868,	4,380	1,055,000	11,581,000	1,854,570
" 1869,	6,358	1,408,525	17,062,590	2,377,652

No Restrictions on Travel.  
All Policies Non-Forfeitable after Three Annual Cash Payments.

Every description of Policy issued on the most favorable terms.

ROBT L. CASE, THEO. R. WETMORE,  
President. Vice-President.  
ISAAC H. ALLEN, Secretary.  
REUBEN H. UNDERHILL, Counsel.  
DR. STEPHEN WOOD, Medical.  
DR. SAMUEL SEXTON, Examiners.

## NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. 346 AND 348 BROADWAY. Organized May 1845. ASSETS, . . . . over \$13,000,000.

ANNUAL INCOME over \$6,000,000. NON-FORFEITURE PLAN originated by this Company. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE. PURELY MUTUAL—Policy-Holders receiving all the Profits. Dividends paid annually, available in settlement of second and all subsequent Annual Premiums. Cash Dividends paid Policy-Holders in 1869, more than one and a half million dollars.

New Policies issued in 1868, 9,105, ins'g \$30,765,947. 1869, 10,717, " 34,446,393.

The following Tables concisely exhibit the progress of the Company during the past six years.

	Received for Premiums, &c.	Accumulations of Assets, during the year.	Cash Dividends actually paid.
1864,	\$1,720,310	\$1,035,412	\$293,555
1865,	2,345,818	1,277,370	250,384
1866,	3,088,804	1,990,643	282,224
1867,	3,591,390	2,150,662	381,950
1868,	4,678,280	2,841,069	1,255,865
1869,	5,974,797	2,327,102	1,535,309
	21,408,899	10,622,258	3,769,386

During the six years \$3,345,346 have been disbursed for losses, \$3,769,386 have been returned to Policy-Holders in Dividends, and yet the Assets exhibit an increase during that period of over ten and a half million dollars.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.  
WM. H. BEERS, Vice-Pres't and Actuary.  
THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier

## RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CT.

Issues Tickets of Insurance against

ACCIDENTS.

J. G. BATTERSON, Pres't. C. D. PALMER, Sec'y.

This Company has Paid in Losses

\$152,721.74 for \$990.70

Received in Premiums.  
Cash Assets, - \$426,165.29.

## ÆTNA Life Insurance Co., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1st, 1871,  
\$15,120,686 12.

## THE EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society OF THE UNITED STATES, No. 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Assets, . . . . \$15,000,000.00  
Annual Income, . . . . 7,500,000.00

PURELY MUTUAL. ANNUAL DIVIDENDS.

Sum Assured (new business) in 1870, about Ten Million Dollars in excess of any other Life Insurance Company in the world.

HENRY B. HYDE, WM. C. ALEXANDER,  
Vice-President. President.

## ATLANTIC Mutual Insurance Co. NEW YORK.

OFFICE, 51 WALL STREET.

ORGANIZED, 1842.

Insures against Marine and Inland Navigation Risks,

and will issue policies making loss payable in England. Its Assets for the security of its policies are more than THIRTEEN MILLION DOLLARS.

The Company is mutual. Its whole profit reverts to the assured, and is divided annually, upon the Premiums terminated during the year. Certificates for which are issued, bearing interest until redeemed.

J. D. JONES, President.  
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-Pres't.  
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-Pres't.  
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-Pres't.  
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

## BRANCH OFFICE ANDES INSURANCE COMPANY, CINCINNATI. FIRE AND MARINE. Cash Capital, . . . . \$1,000,000. PRINDLE & MANGAM, Managers, 150 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

B. S. WALCOTT, Pres't I. REMSEN LANE, Sec'y

## HANOVER Fire Insurance Co. OFFICE:—120 BROADWAY, (Cor. Cedar Street.) NEW YORK.

THOMAS JAMES, Actuary. CASH ASSETS  
Eastern Agency Dep't. \$726,399.94.

## Citizens' Ins. Co. 156 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Issues Participating Policies, entitling the holders to THREE-FOURTHS OF THE PROFITS.

CASH CAPITAL, . . . . \$300,000.00  
Assets, Jan. 1st, 1870, . . . . 684,444.74

EDW. A. WALTON, Sec. JAS. M. McLEAN, Pres.

## NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO. Cash Capital, \$1,000,000. Office, 12 Wall St. H. A. HOWE, President. P. NOTMAN, Vice-Pres't and Secretary.

## MERCANTILE Mutual Marine Insurance Co. 35 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

ELLWOOD WALTER, President.  
ARCHD. G. MONTGOMERY, Jr., Vice-President.  
ALANSON W. HEGEMAN, 2d Vice-Pres't.  
C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

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## CULBERT & CO., POCKET BOOKS, 24 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

Russia Leather Goods, Dressing Cases, Bags, &c.  
WRITING DESKS A SPECIALTY.

## Fine Swiss and American WATCHES, Pendant and Key Winders.

Fine Gold Jewelry, Cameo Rings,  
Lockets, Sleeve Buttons, &c., &c.  
SOLID SILVERWARE.

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY & GRAHAM,  
22 John St. & 19 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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